# Suffolk, Virginia

## 1742-1942

by

## CHARLES O. DAY

**Poet Laureate of the Commonwealth of Virginia**

Well can you hold to Pride, O Suffolk town,
Rich with the heritage of long, long years,
Each echo of the past, like distant chants,
Resound through hallowed streets on welcome ears.

There is a friendliness that lives within
These gates, where Romance walked and Dreams were born,
Where sturdy men, with hearts afire with Faith,
Looked to a brighter day with each new dawn.

Suffolk, a shrine, bejeweled with history's lore,
Whose very soil, blessed deep with Nature's hand,
Has added to the glories that are yours,
With fruits enriched from ever fertile land.

Live on, O Suffolk town, and live you shall,
The march of time, though rapid in its pace,
Can never dim the glory that is yours,
Nor take away your lasting charm and grace.

Down through these years, two hundred now, you've lived,
Proud in your history, proud of every deed,
'Age cannot stem the rising tide of fame,
No more than love be overcome by greed.

Well can you hold to Pride, O Suffolk town,
Rich with the heritage of long, long years,
Each echo of the past, like distant chants,
Resound through hallowed streets on welcome ears.